

A black rose burial, Straight from the mind of a m

Fly for the door

I

can taste those
glands of fear
you extract yourself
as

I still draw

near

a target fixated

on

your face so

closed casket is necessary

safe haven is so far away

soon the hounds will search

and smell you rotten and decayed

decomposing in this

earth..

I...still...share...no...remorse...for...helping...you...to....become....a....corpse...

I wanted this for so long Im ecstatic

deception, I'll bleed you dry

all eight pints pumping from your throat you grow faint as I speak now I am known

I could push you a thousand times from the highest tower

you should have seen this coming you fucking coward

live another second to see disgust in my eyes

this is what you get for taking innocence from their lives

you wont be forgotten your mutilation was not an option so dead now Im relieved

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